



[private] Also, I can kill you with my brain.



Chaz

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MOOD: 🤨 determined

MUSIC: Calexico - Deep Down

All right, self. We're writing this down so that we can look at it in two weeks and see that Daphne's right, and we don't feel as lousy. And then we can delete it, and it'll be like we never wrote it down.

Sure, self. That sounds like a really good idea.

Physical therapy with Mark, three days a week supervised, and then every day on my own.

Massage therapy with Amy, two days a week.

Honestly? It's a tossup which sucks more.

Amy also wants me to do yoga or tai chi. How the fuck am I supposed to do *yoga*? Maybe I can do geriatric chair yoga.

The good news is that Amy got my left arm, which is the worse one (that's the one I dislocated, in addition to fucking up the muscles) up to shoulder height, though I thought I was going to puke. Or cry. Or cry so hard I puked.

Well, really, I always feel like that right now.

But that will stop when the AZT stops, right? No more puking after Saturday.

Anyway, this was with extra crying and puking. Or wanting to cry and puke.

I also kind of wished I could set her on fire with the power of my mind, but that trick never works. Crap, Cowboy, don't even joke about that.

I have no idea how I'm going to get through this.

Except in two weeks I'm going to look back on this post and go, "Gee, Daphne was right." And in four weeks the cast comes off, if my wrist is enough better.

Right?

Right.

Come on, kid. Cowboy up.

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

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